

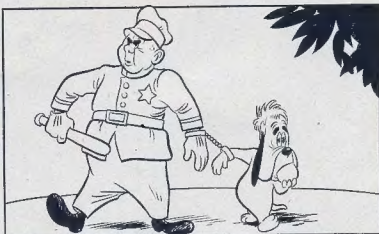
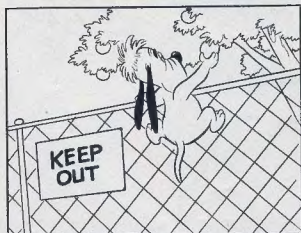
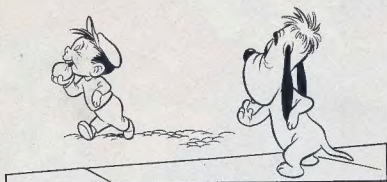
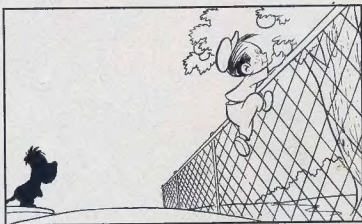
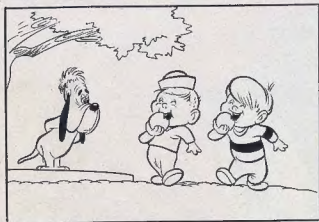
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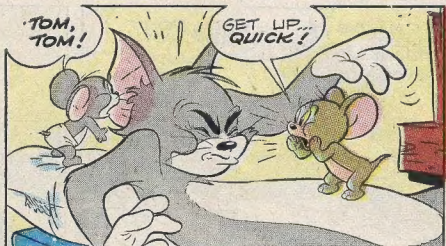
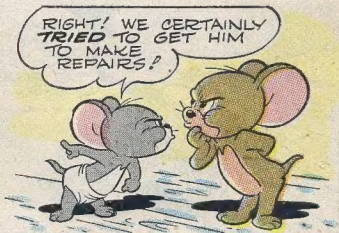
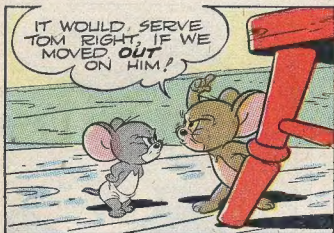
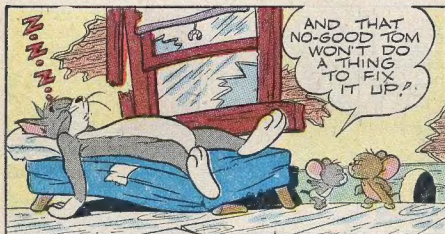
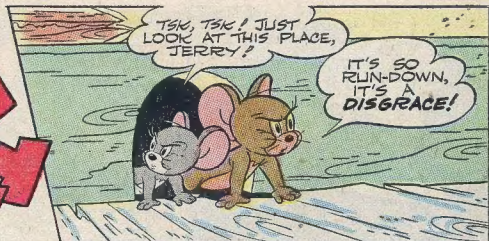


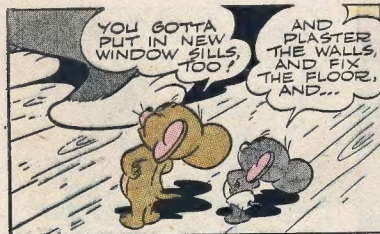
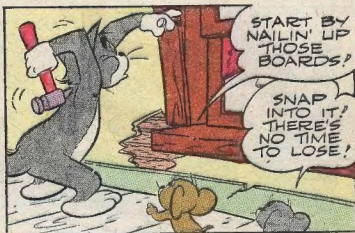
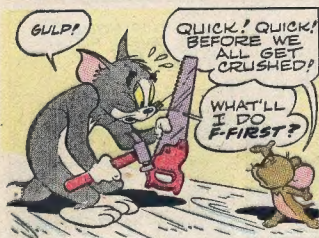
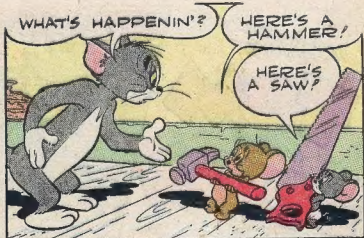
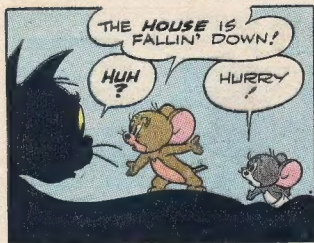
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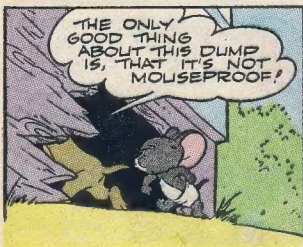
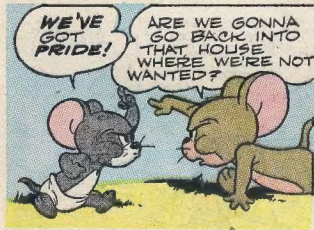
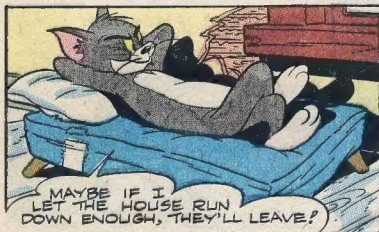
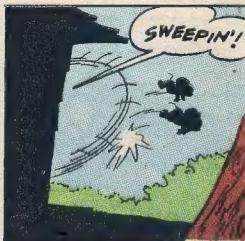
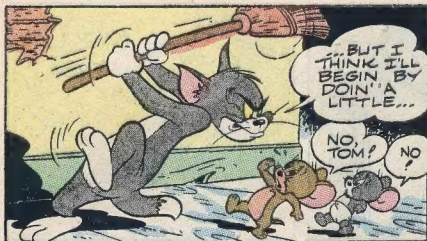
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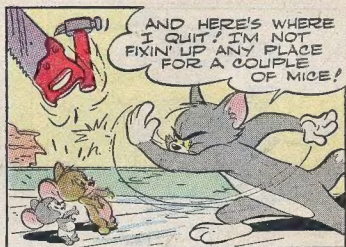
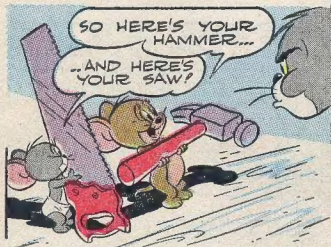
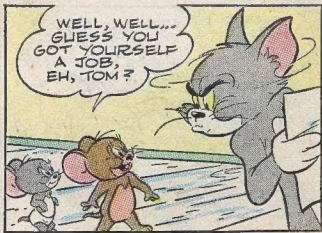
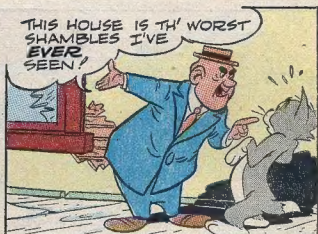
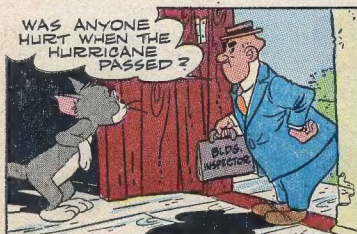
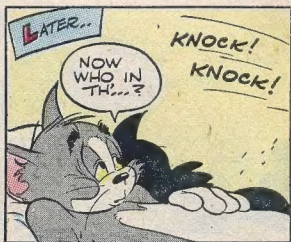
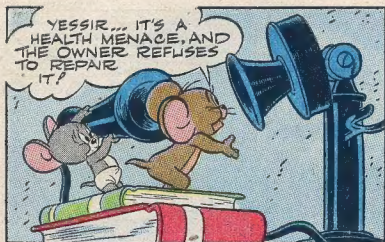
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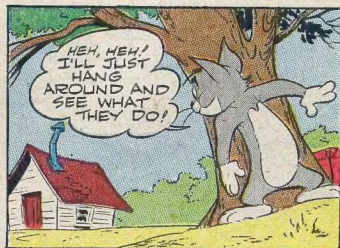
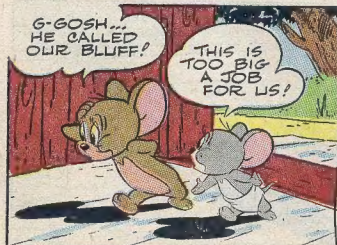
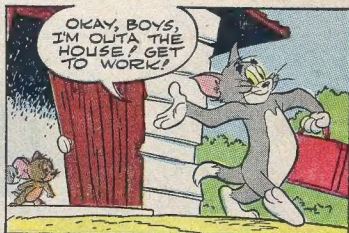
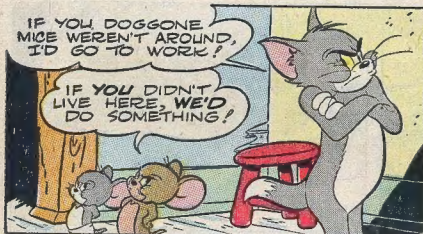
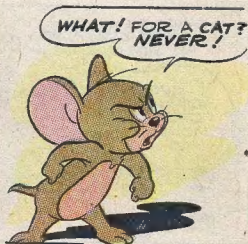
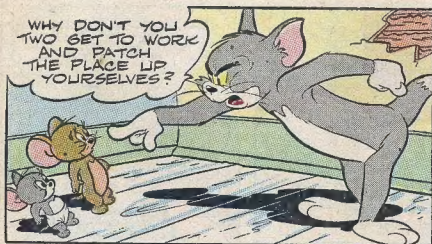
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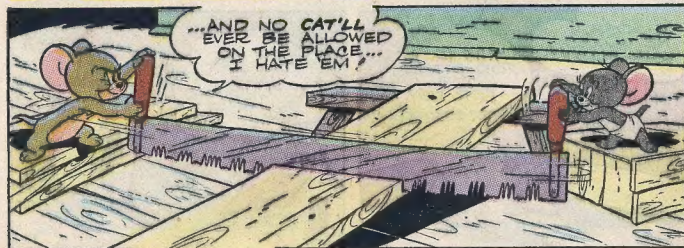
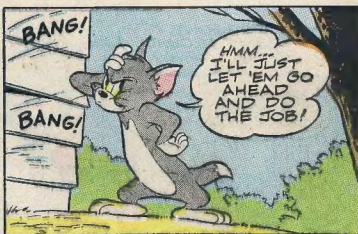


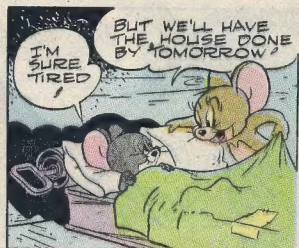
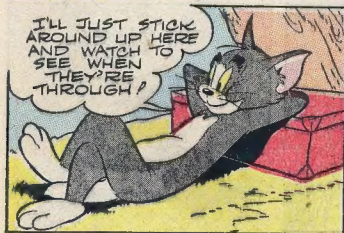
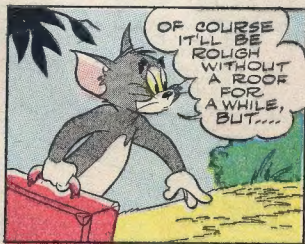


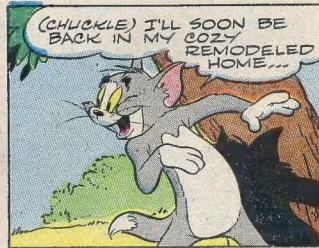
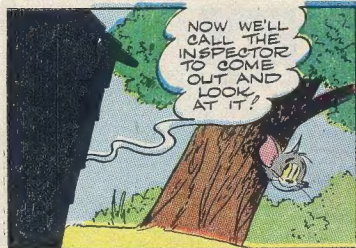
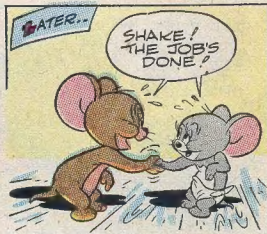
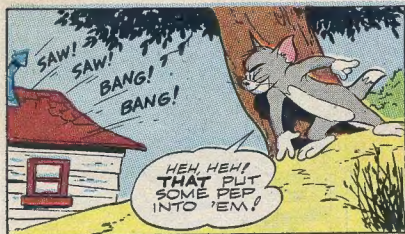
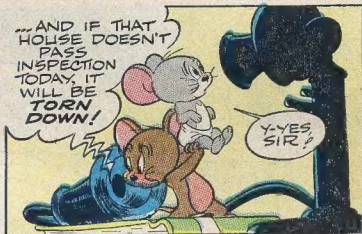
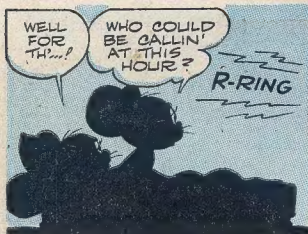


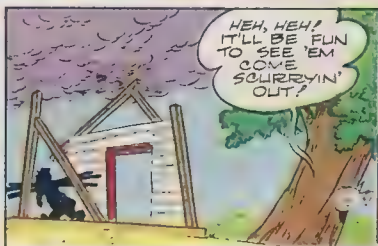
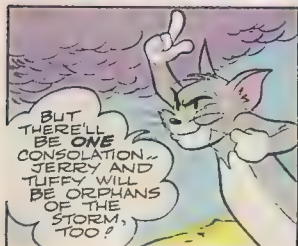
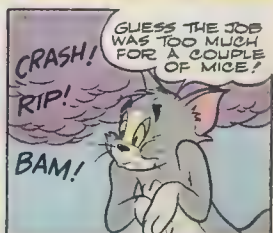
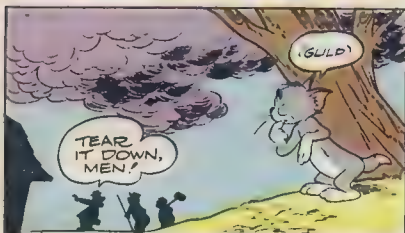
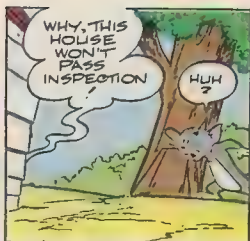
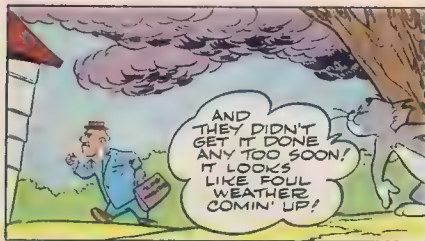


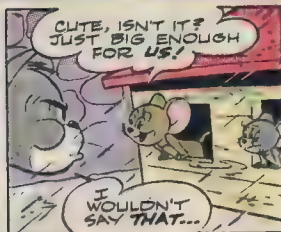
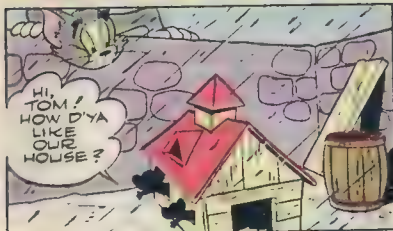
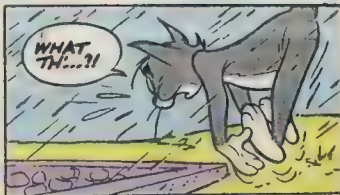
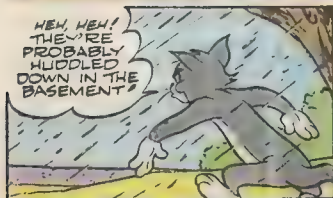
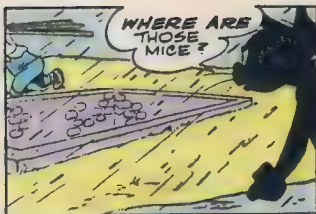
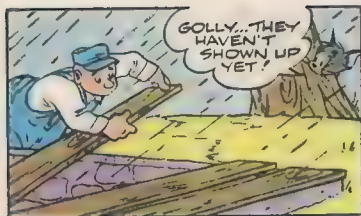






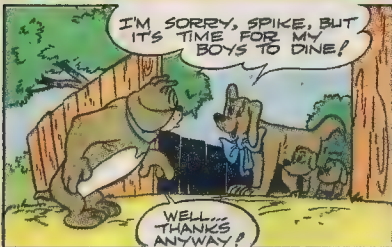
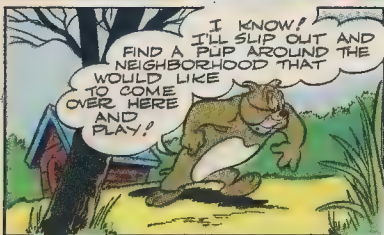
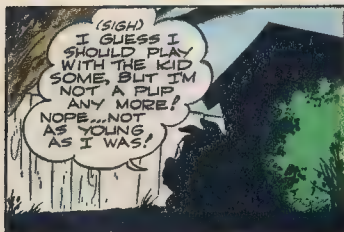
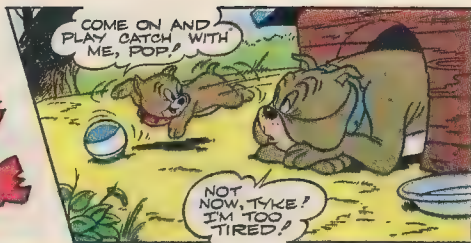


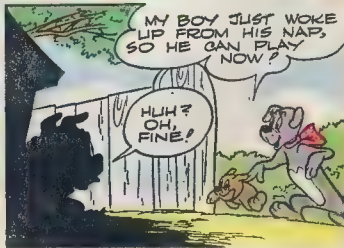
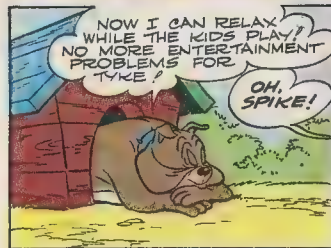
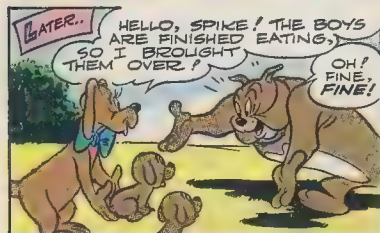
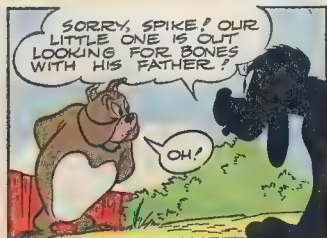


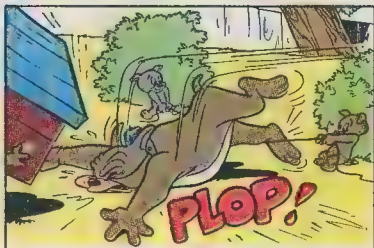
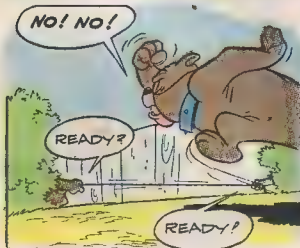
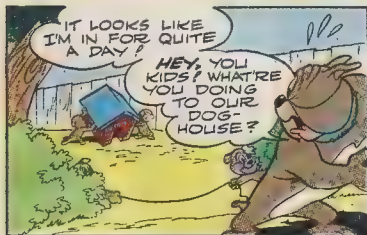
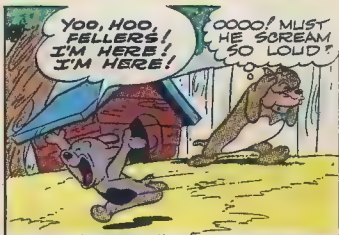
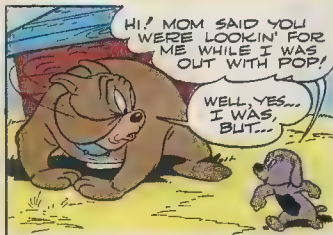
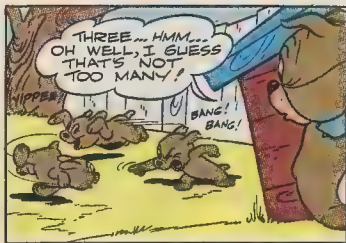


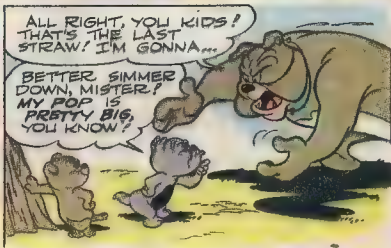
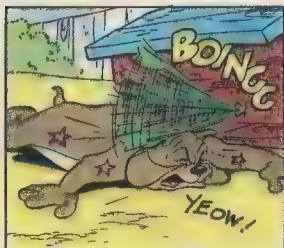
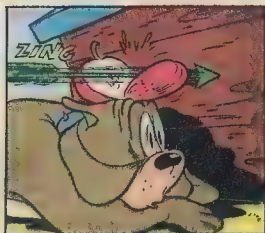
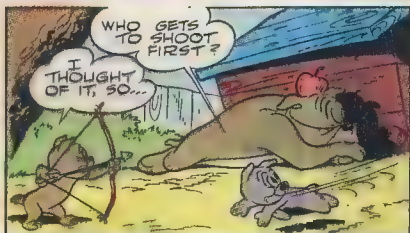
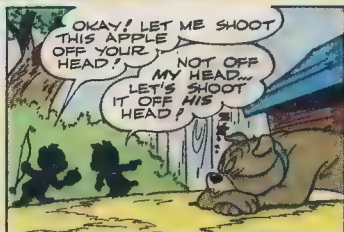
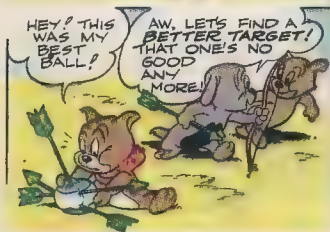
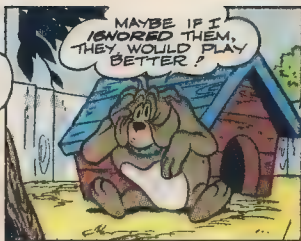
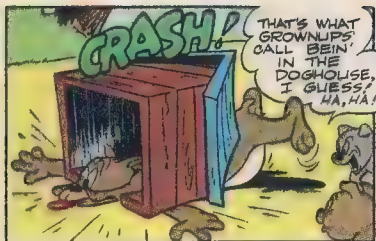
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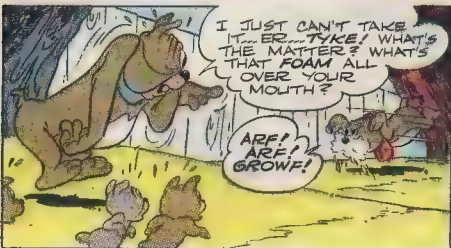
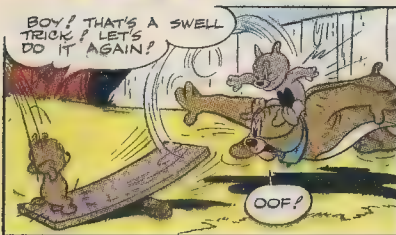
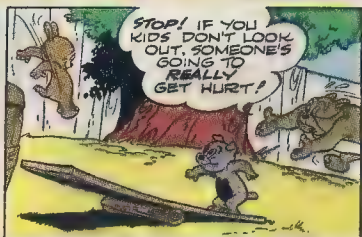
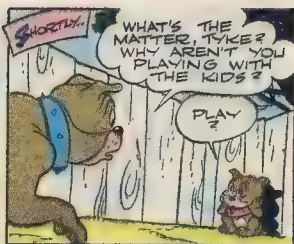
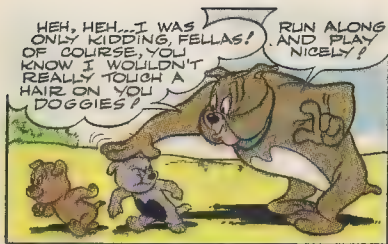
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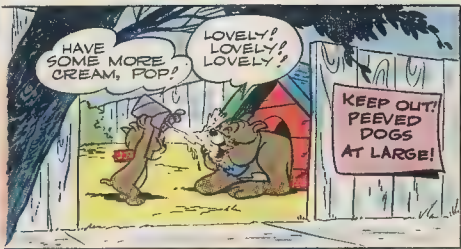
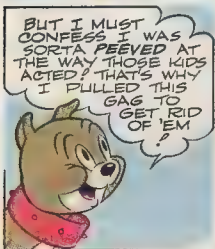
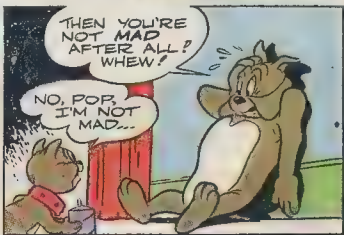
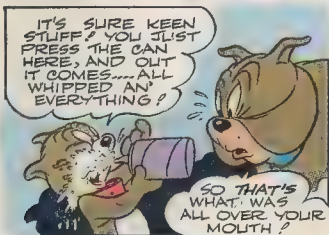
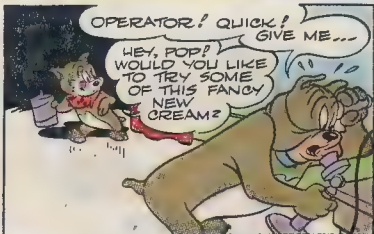










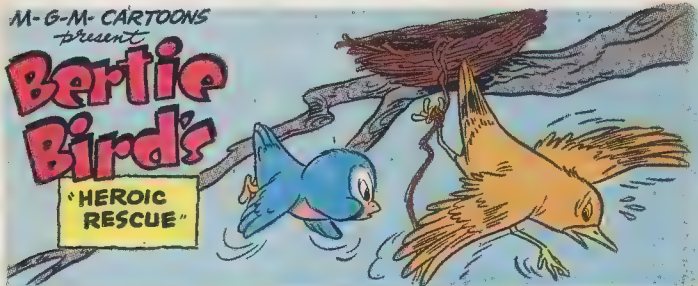


M-G-M. CARTOONS

present

Bertie Bird's

"HEROIC
RESCUE"



"Ooooooh!" twittered Jenny Wren to Bertie Bird. "You're WONDERFUL!"

Bertie was pleased. He puffed out his chest and strutted up and down the branch beside Jenny like a proud little general. "Huh! You haven't seen anything yet! Watch THIS!"

He shot up into the air—up and up and UP until Jenny almost fell over backwards trying to follow him with her eyes. Suddenly, like a streak of lightning, he zoomed back down again. Jenny held her breath. This time, she thought, he will surely crash on his little beak and be killed.

But not Bertie. He was a very clever aviator. He checked his flight just in time to land gracefully right beside Jenny on the branch of the apple tree.

"How was THAT for a speedy nose dive?" he asked.

Before Jenny could answer, they heard a pitiful little cry of distress from a pear tree not far away.

"Oh, my!" cried Jenny, frightened. "Somebody's in TROUBLE!"

"Sounds like Mrs. Oriole," answered Bertie. "Come on! Let's find out!"

Jenny and Bertie were brave little birds. Without a thought for their own safety, they flew immediately to the aid of their neighbor.

And it was a good thing they did, too for poor little Mrs. Oriole was in a terrible fix. She was dangling upside down, the claw of one toe caught fast in her half-finished nest.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Jenny. "How did you ever get caught like this?"

Mrs. Oriole was just as puzzled as

Jenny. "I really don't know," she answered. "I was weaving some new type of soft woolly string in my nest when somehow my claw became entangled. I struggled, twisted and pulled but could not get it loose."

"Don't worry," chirped Bertie. "We'll have you free in a jiffy."

Mrs. Oriole looked relieved. "I do hope so. I must get my nest finished today."

Jenny and Bertie clung to the unfinished nest while they worked feverishly to free the captive. With their sharp bills, they tore at the piece of woolen string which held Mrs. Oriole's claw.

Suddenly, Mrs. Oriole shrieked with fright. "Look! Up there!"

Bertie and Jenny jerked up their heads and looked skyward. Their hearts leaped into their throats. For, swooping down toward them was that terrible butcherbird, Sammy Shrike.

Jenny and Mrs. Oriole did what all birds do in time of danger. They froze into stiff little statues with their bills pointed toward their enemy—waiting.

But Bertie knew this trick would not save them this time. Sammy had seen them. It was up to him to do something. So he did. He flew straight up into the air and zipped right across Sammy's path. Sammy was startled. He checked his flight, hovered for a minute in the air, then streaked out after Bertie.

Bertie tried first one, then another, of his flying tricks on Sammy. He shot up into the air, banked sideways, dipped, swerved back and forth and circled around trees. He fluttered earthward as

though exhausted, only to rise sharply again right under the cruel curved bill of his pursuer. Sammy was baffled and furious. He shrieked and squeaked at Bertie and tried desperately to nab him. But Bertie was always just beyond his reach.

Finally, Bertie grew very tired. His little wings felt as heavy as pieces of lead. His heart was pounding so rapidly he had to hold his bill wide open to breathe. And Sammy was very, very close behind him.

"Oh! What shall I do?" cried Bertie to himself. "I must keep Sammy away from Jenny and Mrs. Oriole but I'm too tired to fly any more!"

Then, just as he was about to give up, he flew over the roof of a little girl's playhouse and spied a toy clothesline upon which fluttered a row of brightly-colored pieces of yarn. And, lying directly under the clothesline was the little girl's pet dog, Roger.

Bertie was not afraid of Roger. He knew the dog was too old to move quickly—but maybe SAMMY did not know it! Anyway, he would soon find out. He lit on the clothesline above Roger, turned to face his enemy and await his fate.

But Sammy, with a frightened squawk, turned tail and sped to a nearby tree. So, he WAS afraid of Roger. Bertie sighed with relief. Now, he could relax and rest—or could he?

For, at that moment, Roger decided to get up, shake himself and amble off.

Bertie was stunned. He had no protection now. This would surely be the end of him. Sammy could easily catch

him now. But Sammy did not move. He stayed in the tree, squeaking nervously and angrily at Bertie.

Sammy must still be afraid of something. But what? Bertie glanced quickly around. A stiff little breeze fluttered the brightly-colored strands of yarn under Bertie's feet on the clothesline. Sammy ruffled his feathers and cried out in alarm. That was IT. Sammy was afraid of the yarn.

"He, he, he!" twittered Bertie. "Will I have some fun now!"

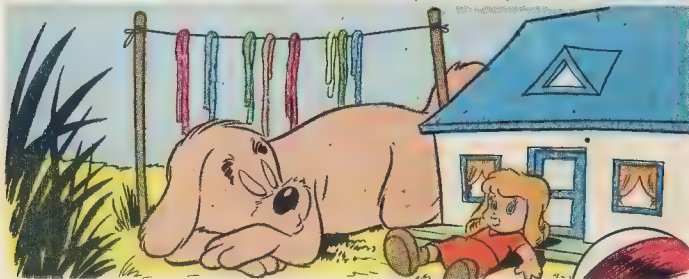
He picked up three long, brightly-colored strands of yarn in his bill and flew toward his enemy. With a terrified scream, Sammy shot off the branch and sped away.

Bertie chased him for a short distance, then watched him disappear over a distant hill. "Well, that's the end of HIM!" he chirped happily to himself.

Still carrying the yarn, Bertie flew back to the pear tree. Jenny and Mrs. Oriole, whose claw had been freed from her nest, listened eagerly to Bertie's exciting story.

"And, since Sammy is afraid of this yarn," continued Bertie, "I thought maybe you'd like to weave it into your nest, Mrs. Oriole. Then you and your babies will always be safe."

Mrs. Oriole was delighted. She built the most colorful and beautiful nest in all Birdland. And she told every bird who stopped to admire it, the story of her heroic rescue. Until, by and by, Bertie Bird became the most chirped about HERO in Apple Tree Lane. And little Jenny Wren, too, had her share of fame.



M.G.M. CARTOONS

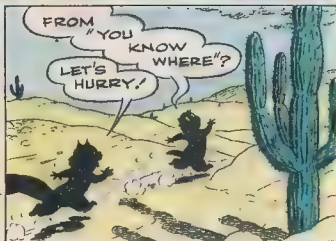
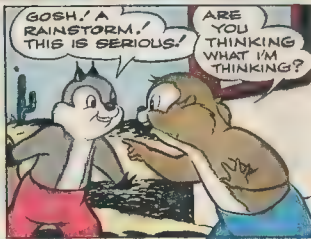
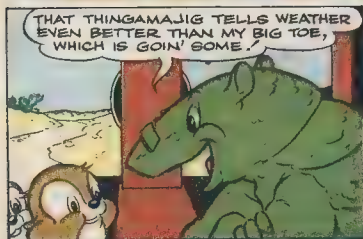
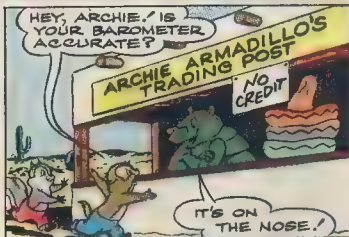
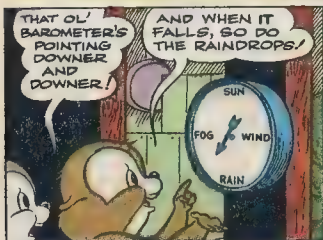
present

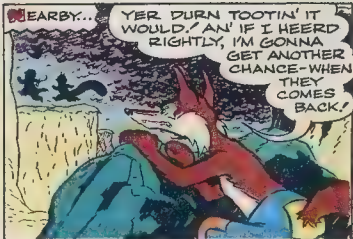
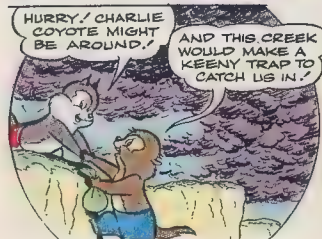
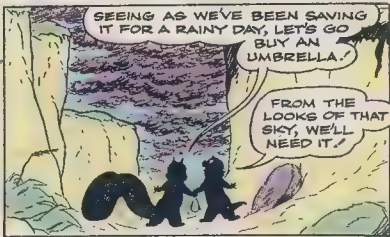
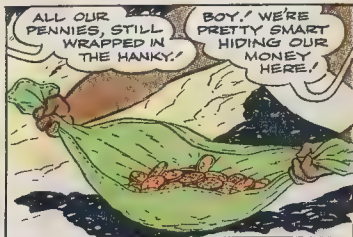
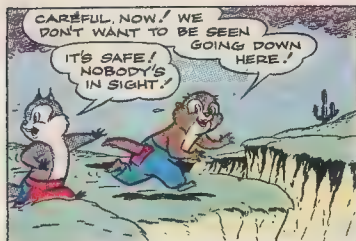
WUFF,

the
PRAIRIE DOG

WHOO-EE! WE'D
BETTER LOOK
OUT, WUFF!

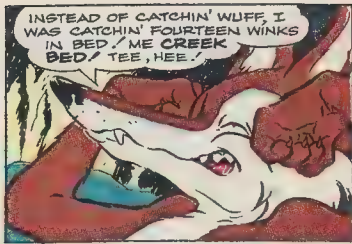
THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO, SAMMY,
IT'S FALLING!







I SHOULD'A GRABBED 'EM THEN,
'CEPT THEY CAUGHT ME SOUND
ASLEEP. YAWN...



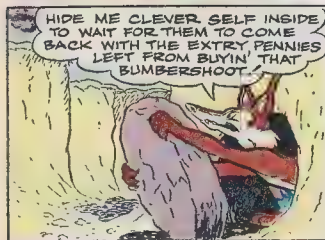
INSTEAD OF CATCHIN' WUFF, I
WAS CATCHIN' FOURTEEN WINKS
IN BED. ME CREEK
BED! TEE, HEE!



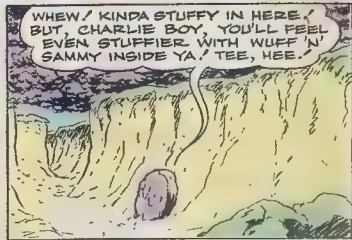
BUT AS SOON AS I SCOOPS OUT
THEIR PENNY HIDEAWAY A LITTLE
BIGGER, AN' PUTS THE DIRTY DIRT
SOMEWHERE ELSE...



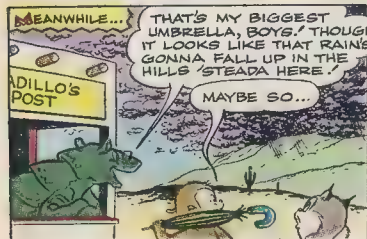
THEN FIND A BIGGER ROCK...
ER... SHOULD I CALL
IT TRAP DOOR?
I'LL JUST...



HIDE ME CLEVER SELF INSIDE
TO WAIT FOR THEM TO COME
BACK WITH THE EXTRY PENNIES
LEFT FROM BUYIN' THAT
BUMBERSHOOT.



WHEW! KINDA STUFFY IN HERE,
BUT, CHARLIE BOY, YOU'LL FEEL
EVEN STUFFIER WITH WUFF N'
SAMMY INSIDE YA! TEE, HEE!



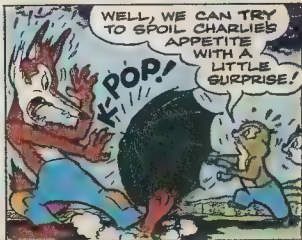
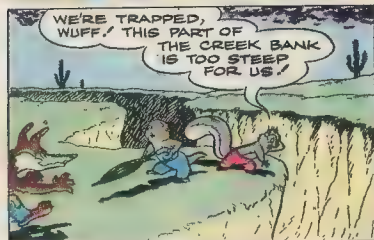
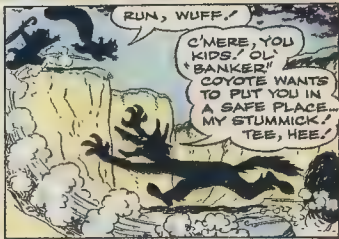
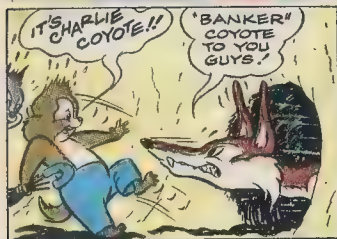
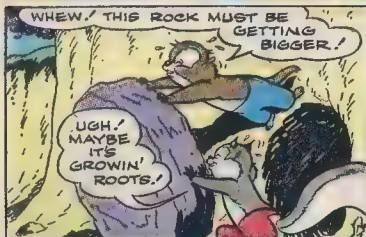
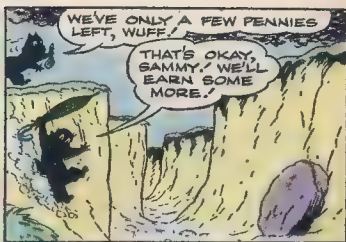
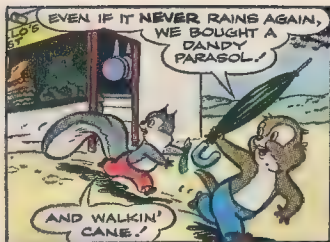
MEANWHILE...

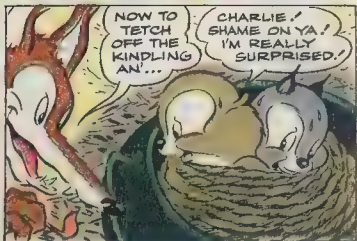
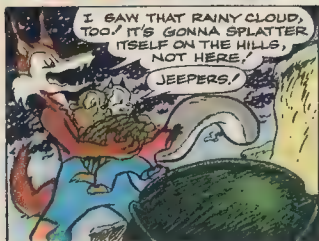
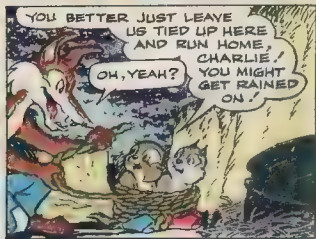
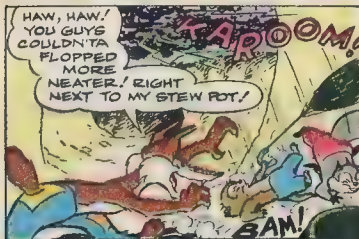
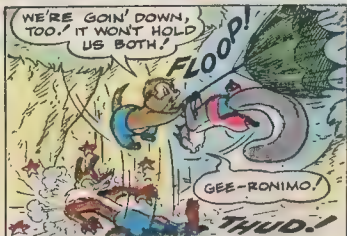
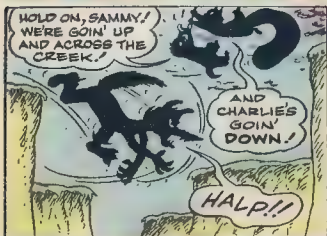
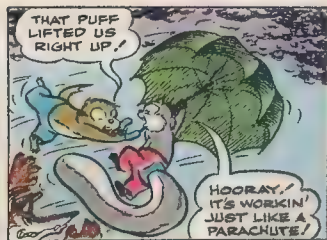
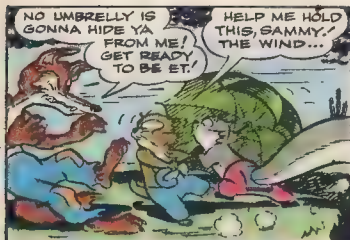
THAT'S MY BIGGEST
UMBRELLA, BOYS! THOUGH
IT LOOKS LIKE THAT RAIN'S
GONNA FALL UP IN THE
HILLS 'STEADA HERE.

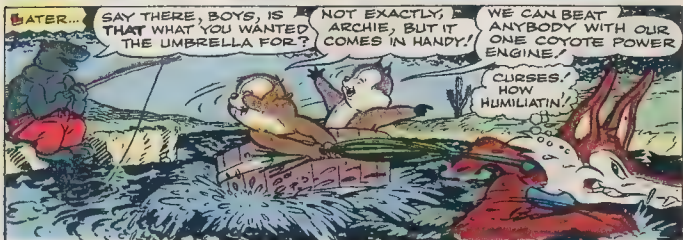
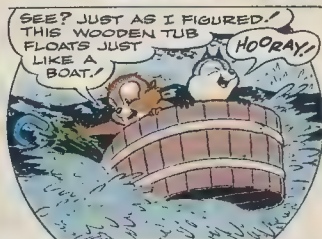
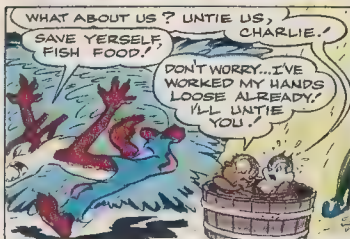
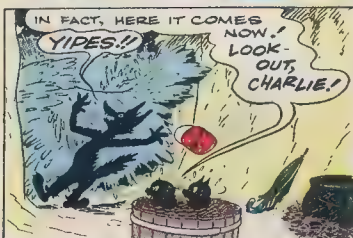
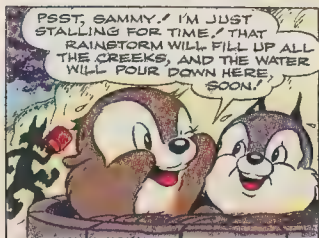
MAYBE SO...



BUT YOU CAN'T
TELL FOR SURE!
AND THERES A
RAINY-SMELLIN'
BREEZE COMING UP!







FLIP 'N' DIP

LET'S GO MEET
SOME OF OUR
NEW NEIGHBORS,
FLIP

OKAY, MAYBE WE CAN
FIND SOME NEW
PLAYMATES.



MORNING, MRS. LION,
WE'RE YOUR NEW
NEIGHBORS—

BLESS YOUR LITTLE
HEARTS. WAIT JUST
A MINUTE.



HERE'S A BAG OF FRESH
COOKIES I JUST BAKED
THIS MORNING.

GEE WHIZ,
THANKS.



YUM, YUM!
ARE THE COOKIES
GOOD!

WONDER WHO LIVES
IN THIS NEXT
HOUSE?



WE THOUGHT
MAYBE YOU HAD
SOME CHILDREN
WE COULD PLAY
WITH.

MY CHILDREN ARE ALL
GROWN UP BUT I CAN
GIVE YOU SOME FRUIT
TO GO WITH THOSE
COOKIES.



GOLLY, THIS SURE
IS A NICE NEIGHBOR-
HOOD.

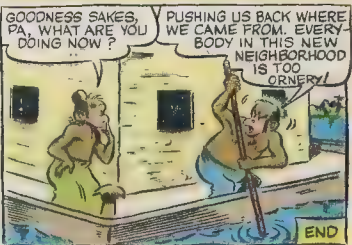
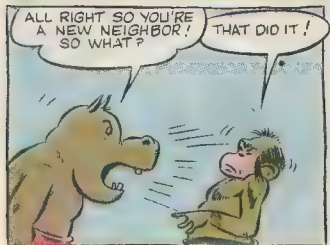
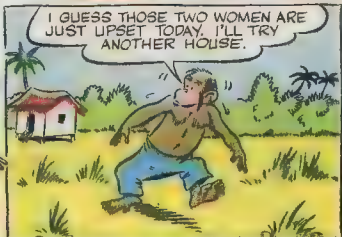
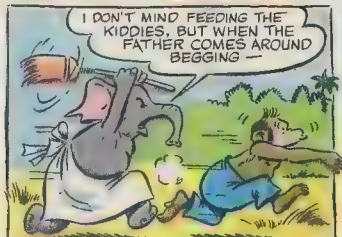
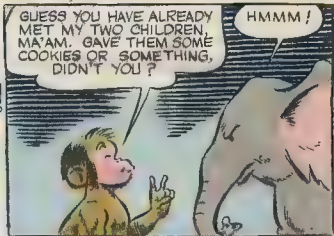
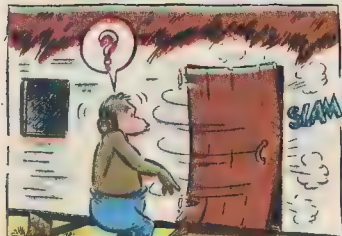
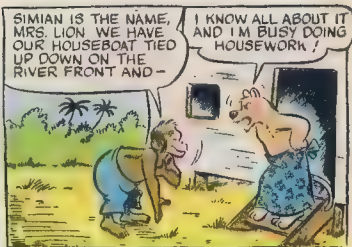
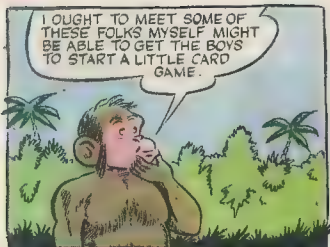
THIS IS FUN TELLING
EVERYBODY THAT
OUR FOLKS ARE TOO
POOR TO BUY US
COOKIES AND STUFF!



WOW! WHERE DID
YOU KIDS GET
ALL THAT FOOD?

FROM OUR NEW
NEIGHBORS. WE'VE
BEEN AROUND GET-
TING ACQUAINTED.



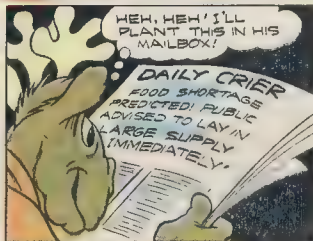
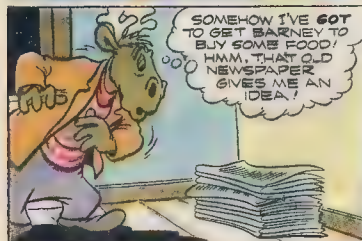
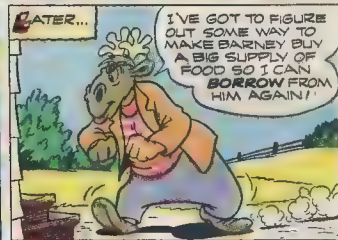
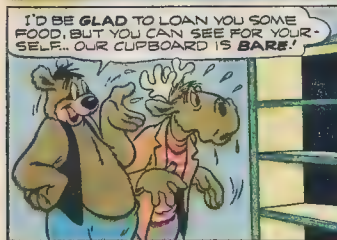
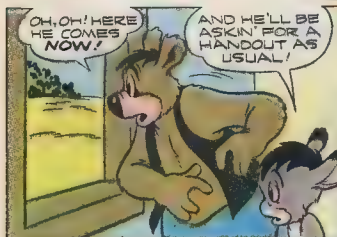


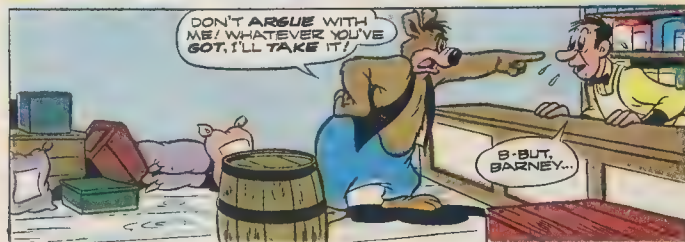
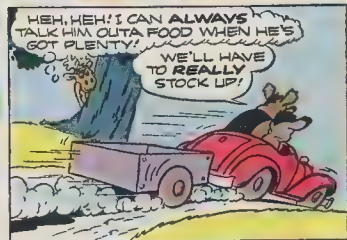
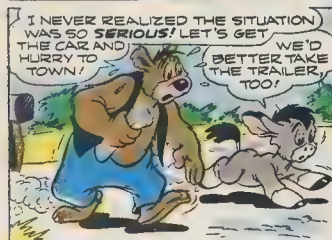
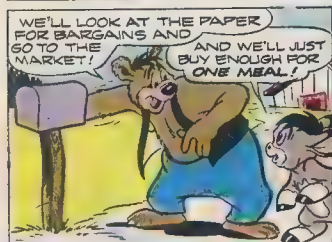
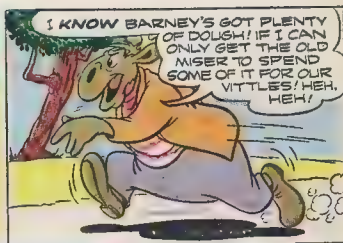
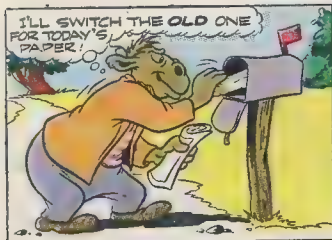
M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

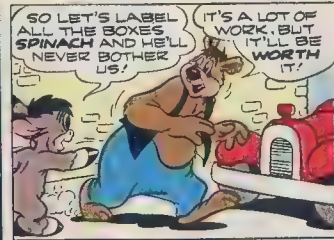
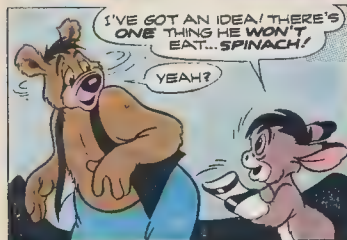
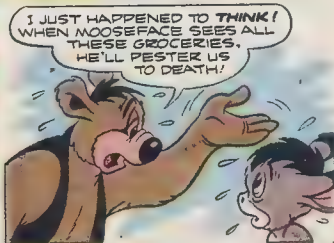
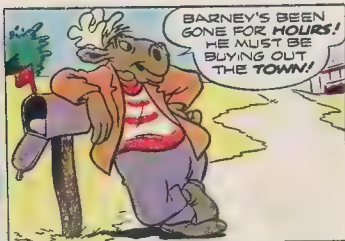
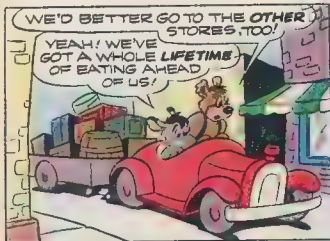
BARNEY and BENNY BEAR

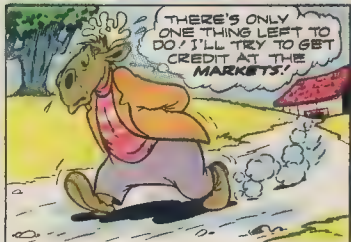
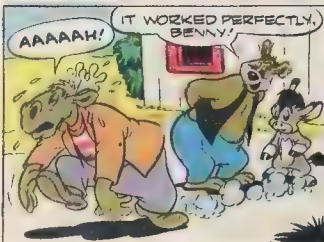
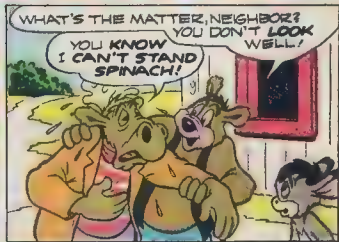
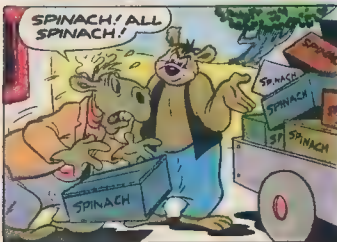
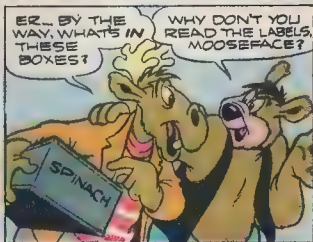
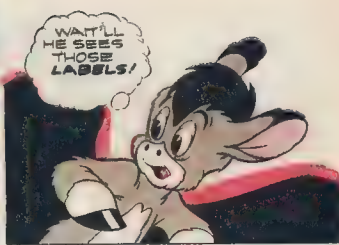
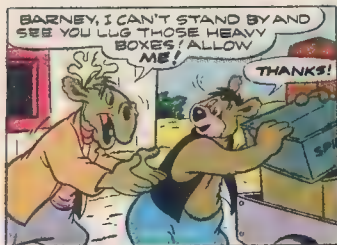
BENNY, THERE ISN'T A
THING IN THE HOUSE TO
EAT! WE'LL HAVE TO DO
A LITTLE SHOPPING!

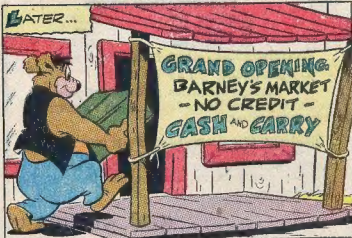
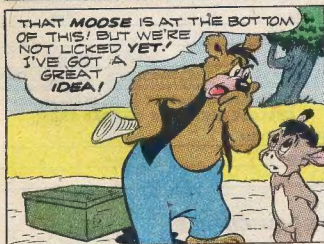
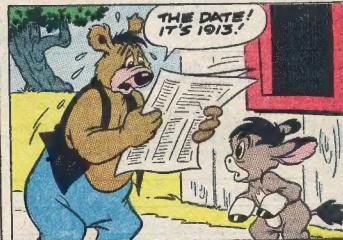
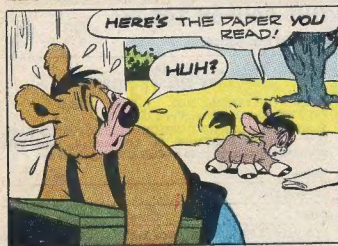
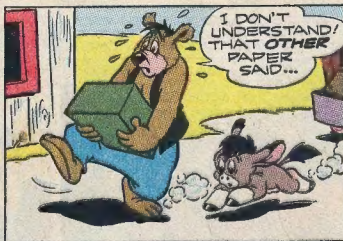
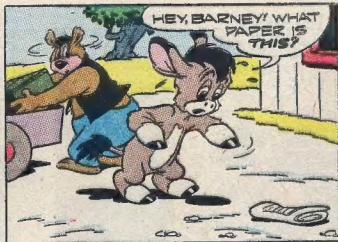
YEAH, BUT
IF WE GET
TOO MUCH FOOD,
MOOSEFACE WILL
BE SURE TO
BORROW IT
FROM US!

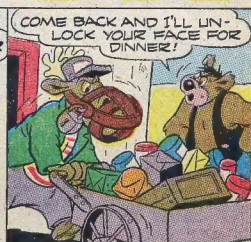












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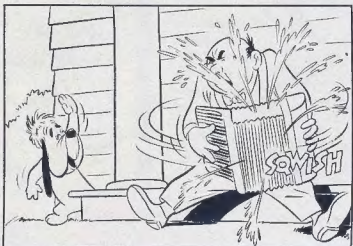
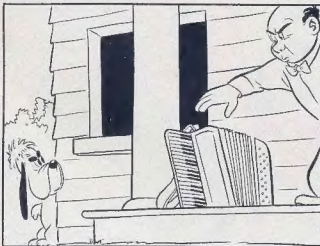
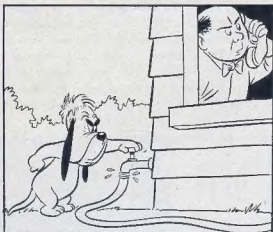
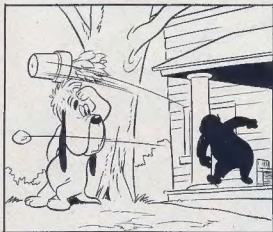
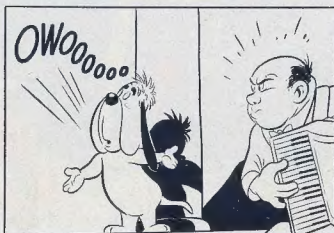
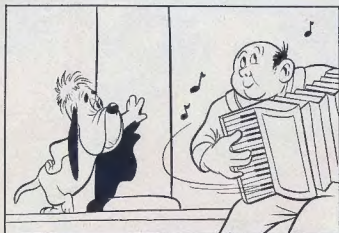
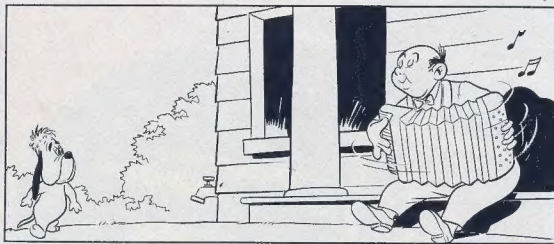
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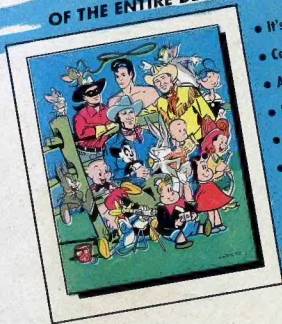
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